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THE
UNEQUAL MATCH:

A K.
T A L E.

By the Author of the CURIOUS MAID.

Matthieu
Victa jacet pietas, & virgo——

OVID.

—— *stuprum sevi*

Passa tyranni——

SEN.



L O N D O N,

Printed for W. Lewis, in Great-Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.

MDCCXXXVII.

THE
UNIFORM MATCH

TAL E

By the Author of the CURIOUS MATCH



QVID

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LONDON

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UNEQUAL MATCH:
A
T A L E.

*T*WO against *one*, when well agreed,
Are Odds at any *Game* indeed!

And oft I've heard old *Gamesters* say,

They've still the better of the *Lay*,

Who first attack, defend who may.

Our *Case*, I think, is pretty clear,

As you shall judge: sit down, and hear.

*T*WO doughty *Wights* full long had try'd
To conquer gay *STATIRA's* Pride.

In vain, for still the prudent *Fair*

Her *Frowns*, and *Smiles* so well did share,

That neither *hop'd*, or cou'd *despair*.

WORN

WORN with hard *Duty*, and *Delays*,
 Attending *Toilette*, *Park*, and *Plays*,
 And vainly dancing up and down
 On trifling *Errands* round the *Town*,
 Frank to each other they confess
 Their mutual *Ardour*, and *Success*,
 Their *fruitless* Pains, their *doubtful Fate*,
 And swear *Revenge* at any rate.

VENGEANCE, cry'd NED, o'ercome with *Ire*,
Vengeance, not *Love*, I now require!
Revenge, *Revenge*, to *Heav'n* I vow!
 My *Friend*, we'll be reveng'd! — but how?

AFTER a shrewd, judicious Pause,
 Maturely turning o'er the *Cause*,
 Take my Advice, quoth subtle DICK,
 If we don't shew her Trick for Trick,
 Why then may I be buried Quick!
 Observe me: thus my *Plot* is laid:
 While you *behind* surprise the *Maid*,
 Before, my *Batt'ry* shall be play'd:

Honour

Honour 'gainst *two* ne'er kept the *Field*;
 One *Fort*, at least, the *Fair* must yield.

BY JOVE! quoth NED, in sudden Glee,
 Rapping his *Knuckles* on his *Knee*,
 You've glanc'd upon my very *Thought*!
 The *Filt* to *Justice* shall be brought.
 While we together thus attack,
 'Tis odds she tumbles *Edge*, or *Back*.

FORTUNE, who with these *Sparks* conspir'd,
 Refus'd not long, what they desir'd:
 The *Nymph* was taken unattir'd,
 Alone, in *Bed*, no *Creature* nigh;
 Prepar'd but ill to fence or fly.

O, NOW behold a moving Sight!
 Poor *Virtue* in a dreadful Fright,
 On all Sides press'd, in each *Redoubt*
 Besieg'd by *Blades* resolv'd and stout!

CHAST LUCRECE ne'er was so beset,
 As now they hamper'd our *Coquet*;

Or PHILOMEL in her Disgrace
More scar'd by the lewd *King* of THRACE,

WHICH Way so e'er her *Charms* are bent,
The *Foes* their threat'ning *Arms* present!
CHARYBDIS' Fury while she shuns,
On SCYLLA's Horrors strait she runs.
Caught in this treach'rous Ambuscade,
She call'd amain, and scream'd, and pray'd.

HELP *Heav'n* she cry'd while help is good!
Can *Two* to *One* be long withstood?
Thus must my boasted *Virtue* end?
Is there no *God* to stand it's Friend?

VENUS, who heard her from on High,
And saw the *Nymph* must needs comply;
That *Honour* 'gainst a *Brace* so bold,
Both *Citadels* cou'd never hold;
Slid down, and with a roguish Sneer,
Thus whisper'd in her virgin *Ear*:

CEASE

CEASE, fond STATIRA, to resist;
 And give up what may ne'er be mist!
 To choose the least of *Evils* two,
 Is all the wisest *Heads* can do.
 Will you not see that you're o'erpower'd?
 Fall back in Time, and be deflower'd!



CEASE, fond STATIRA, to tell;

And give up what may ne'er be mine!

To choose the least of Fate's two,

Is all the wisest Heaven can do.

Will you not see that you're o'erpower'd?

Fall back in Time, and be devour'd!

